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From the rose's purple petals  
Steps a lady into view,  
On her tresses flowing loosely  
Pearls are shining like the dew.

From the casque-flower clad in sombre  
Mantle of the leaflet's green,  
Comes a Knight of bold demeanor,  
Sword and helmet bright in sheen.

On his crest a plume is nodding,  
Of the heron's silvered tail,  
From the lily soars a maiden,  
Like a spider's web her veil.

Lordly from the Turk's cap rising  
Lo! a Moor in rich display;  
Bright upon his leafy turban  
Gleams the golden crescent's ray.

From the king's crown decked in lustre  
Leaps a sceptre-bearer proud;  
From the iris blue in muster  
Springs the hunt's accoutred crowd.

From the daffodil, Narcissus,  
Youth with mien of saddened bliss,  
Wavers to the maiden's bedside,  
On her lips to press a kiss.

Then around the pillow swinging  
In a wild and motley throng,  
Waving, springing, went they singing  
To her ear this solemn song.

"Maiden, maiden! thou hast torn us  
From the garden and the sky;  
That within this golden vessel  
We may wither, fade, and die.

"Oh, how happy were we resting  
On the earth, our mother's breast,  
Where the sunbeams through the branches  
Kissed us sweetly, and caressed.

"Where the spring's cool breezes fanning,  
Soft our trembling branchlets bowed;  
Where at night our leafy balcon  
Glistened with an elfin crowd!

"Here we have but stagnant waters  
For the garden's dew and showers;  
Ere we die, we still must wither;  
Vengeance, maiden, must be ours!"

Done the song, and o'er the maiden's  
Face and brow, they stoop and bow;  
From the former hollow stillness,  
Cometh then that sound again.

Rustle, hush then! murmur, whisper!  
How the maiden's temples flush!  
How the phantoms breathe upon them!  
How their fatal odors gush!

Now his rays the sun is darting  
O'er the bed! The forms have fled!  
On that couch's pillow coldly  
Sleeps the loveliest of the dead!

And herself a withered floweret,  
On her cheeks the mauling glow,  
Resting 'mid her faded sisters,  
Whose own spirits struck the blow.

There is, nevertheless, something like an attachment in plants for man—they obey his bidding, and assume for his sake, unwonted forms. Whither he goes, they hesitate not to follow, and wait upon him in all the varied spheres of usefulness and beauty. They select, too, with something of an appreciation, just whom they shall abide by. Different races of men are thus accompanied by different kinds of plants, and historians have traced their paths around the globe, by the grasses and weeds they have left in their course. The common plaintain got, from the Indians, the title of the *White-man's footstep*, from its close accompaniment of the European, just as the bee has long been considered the herald, with its buzzing, of the ringing of the squatter's axe, in our western wilderness.

We will close our random notes, by a translation from the German of Sallet of a poem, in which the humanities are delicately touched off—a fair specimen of a class, which without aiming at the highest conceptions, yet do much to disclose in a pleasant way, that innate sensibility of Nature,

of which, few are so stubborn, as not to have a faint surmise.  
It is entitled—

#### THE BURIAL OF THE ROSE.

I lay beneath the branches  
That roof-like seemed to close,  
When came a wanton spring,  
And plucked a blooming rose.

Upon the earth he threw it,  
When he had tried its scent,  
Where as it lay and withered,  
Its spirit upward went.

Then came black-armed beetles  
To toll with wisps of green,  
A peal from the bells of the forest  
To wake the sleeping scene.

In softest undulations  
The May-bells poured a breath,  
That floated in stilly billows  
Announcing the hour of death.

When came on airy footsteps,  
A phantom hand beside,  
To join the solemn service,  
They came from far and wide.

The chapel's roof above them  
Of branches overthrown,  
Was full of the brooklet's murmur,  
In chimes of organ-tone.

The flowers they stood in sorrow  
And drooped their misty eyes,  
The lilies in snowy raiment,  
Came as in priestly guise.

Then bowed they all together  
And joining in murmur low,  
They breathed a sigh of fragrance,  
And wept in unfeigned woe.

In rich embroidered vesture  
The butterflies stood near  
The service by the altar,  
And quivered as for fear.

The honey bees came thronging  
From the distant plain to see,  
The flowerets veiled in sorrow,  
Were dropping tears of dew.

Meanwhile, the busy beetles  
Scooped out a mossy grave;  
The bees a funeral vase,  
A requiem then gave.

"Delight of all while living,  
Thou caustest now thy woe;  
Let peal on peal wave upward,  
Mid hymns that heavenward go."

"Thy withering form we'll bury  
Beneath a mossy stone,  
And let thee lie in quiet,  
Thy fragrant splendor gone."

"Though in corruption wormy  
That form so fair must be,  
We'll cease our anxious pining  
Since now thy soul is free."

"For fragrance pure and holy  
Thine undying power,  
Thy fingers on the breezes  
Like goodness from the heart."

"Where angel choirs are hymning  
In the eternal ear,  
O'er thy spirit's mounting  
Come thy living spirits near."

"In heavenly homes she'll wander,  
Where purer there are none,  
Whom there the Source Eternal  
Absorbeth as His own."

"So then with God united  
Shall she a part become;  
Thy mourn ye, and why keep ye?  
Rejoice and hail your doom!"

Mournful the song was chaunted,  
The rose to earth they gave,  
The flowers dropped dewy fragrance,  
And trembled o'er the grave.

Then whispered a bee in tremor,  
"I loved thee, and been glad to die,  
But since thou wert so lovely  
I've stood afar so sad."

"My longing, thou ne'er knewest,  
Nor breeze to thee e'er bore,  
So fall, my tears in showers,  
Thy mossy pallet o'er."

"If long that bee survived her,  
Or perished thus bereft,  
I know not—moved with anguish  
The silent wood-fell fell."

#### MASTER-WORKERS IN MOSAIC.

(Translated for THE GRAYSON from the French of Madame Dudevant.)

The following day Bozza was seen in the school of the Bianchini, at work vigorously in the chapel of St. Isidore! Francesco, to whom his brother had faithfully related the scene of the evening before, was so deeply wounded by his conduct, he begged Valerio to make no further effort to obtain his motive for it. He endured it in silence, and more keenly alive to an insult given to his well-beloved brother, than if it had been bestowed upon himself, and not receiving how any one could withstand the frankness and generosity of an explanation tendered by Valerio, he resigned himself to Bozza, and from that day passed him, as if he had never known him. Valerio, who knew how much his brother had it at heart to complete his cupola, and who had detected in him the disquiet caused by the loss of Bozza, resolved to work himself to death, rather than not to accomplish the task. Francesco's health was shattered; his proud and sensitive spirit was oppressed by the dread of not fulfilling his engagements. This feeling had no reference merely to his renown as an artist, a renown which he reproached himself for having thought too much of, but was excited by the lack of material aid, yet affected his honor. He was not ignorant of the intrigues already commenced by the Bianchini, in order to blacken his reputation. When he had accepted this arduous task, his father estimating it to be too great an undertaking for the three years' time to which it was limited, had endeavored to dissuade him from it. Titian, judging that the dissipated life of Valerio, and the poor health of the other, might render its execution impossible, had advised them repeatedly to become reconciled with the Bianchini, and demand of the procurators a new arrangement. But the Bianchini, who formerly were of the same school as Francesco, possessed little talent and insupportable pride. Nothing in the world would have induced Francesco to confide to them a work, undertaken and conducted with so much care and love.

To understand why this master, deemed it so important, not to be a single day behindhand, it is necessary to go back a little, and state that the basilica of Saint Mark for many years previously had been overhauled by unskilful and unconscientious workmen. Considerable outlay had only served to support a troop of dissolute artisans, whose work had to be replaced at great expense. Father Alberto and Rizzo, the chief mosaic masters, had shown the procurators the necessity of order, both in the money appropriated, and in the works. After many tests, they agreed upon Francesco Zuccato for chief of the mosaic department, and Vincent Bianchini, although banished for fourteen years on a charge of counterfeiting, and for having committed a number of assassinations, especially one upon the person of his barber, had, thanks to the vigor of his own and his brother's work, found protection in the procurator-treasurer, who had placed him under the

orders of the Zuccati. But any connection between these two families being impossible, Francesco had demanded the privilege of choosing other pupils, and he had obtained it. To put an end to the quarrels excited by this circumstance and to mollify the procurator, who was interested in the Bianchini, the commissioners decided to believe upon their own assertion, that the latter were competent to work without direction. A less favorable spot and a longer task had been confided to them than to the Zuccati; they had, themselves, arranged these conditions, and demanded such a test of their ability. From that day they had not ceased to boast of their own value to the commissioners, who, to say the least, were but little enlightened upon the matter, and to depreciate the school of Francesco, whose modesty and candor incapacitated him from entering into a contest with them. The honor of the commission was at stake, in having performed at less expense than hitherto, more extensive and better executed works. It was desirous, through the inauguration of the restored church, of attracting the approbation and the remuneration of the senate.

Francesco saw the approach of the fatal day, and it was in vain he exhausted his strength; hope began to desert him. He saw too, Valerio, insensible to anxiety, persist in celebrating the very same day the instigating of an association for the purpose of pleasure. The departure of Bozza in such a critical moment, put the climax to his uneasiness. Even if, he said to himself, Valerio should give himself entirely up to his labor, it could not amount to much; let him amuse himself then, since he has the happiness of being insensible to the shame of a defeat.

But Valerio did not comprehend it so. He was too well acquainted with the chivalrous susceptibility of his brother, not to know that he would be inconspicuous for such a mortification. He accordingly assembled his favorite pupils, Marini, Ceccato and two others, and explained to them the situation of Francesco's mind, and the position of their school in public opinion. He entreated them to act as he did, not to despair, nor to renounce either business or pleasure, and to remain firm until all was completed, even if they should die the day after St. Mark's. All made oath enthusiastically to second him without wavering, and they kept their word. In order not to trouble Francesco, who mourned continually at the little care Valerio gave to his health, they concealed with planks, the parts which he relinquished, until the completion, working upon them regularly all night. A small mattress was arranged upon the scaffolding, and when one of the workers yielded to fatigue, he stretched himself upon it, and tasted a few moments of repose, interrupted by the joyous songs of the others and the noise of the planks under their feet. They bore this burden lightly and pretended never to have slept better, than when rocked by the motion of the scaffolding and lulled by the noise of the buffers. The unconquerable gaiety of Valerio, his excellent stories, his amusing songs and the great flask of Cyprian wine, which circulated freely around, excited wonderful ardor. The evening before St. Mark's, as the day drew to a close, and as Francesco, in order not to have the appear-

ance even of addressing the faintest reproach to his brother, assumed a resignation very foreign to his feelings, Valerio gave the signal. The pupils took away the planks, and the master beheld the festoon and the beautiful little cherubs that supported it, finished, as if by magic.

"Oh, my dear Valerio!" cried Francesco, transported with joy and gratitude, "was I not inspired when I gave thee wings to thy portrait? Art thou not my guardian angel—my archangel deliverer?"

"I hoped," said Valerio to him, returning his embrace, "to prove to thee, that I could follow at once both business and pleasure. Now, if thou art content with me, I am paid for my trouble: but thou must also embrace these brave companions who have so ably supported me, and who by that, have proved themselves worthy of a mastership; 'tis for thee to select: I do not name the most skillful—they are all equally so—but the first in point of seniority."

"My worthy and dear friends," said Francesco to them, after having cordially embraced them, "you have all lately made the generous sacrifice of your rights and desires in favor of a young man diseased with ambition, whose talent and sufferings seemed to you to deserve both interest and compassion. You have promised to prove to him that he accused you wrongfully, in calling you enemies and rivals. More attached to my lessons than to the vain glory, for which he was eager, you were upon the point of giving him a striking instance of virtue and disinterestedness, by willingly elevating him to a mastership against his expectations. The ingrate could not wait for this happy day, when he would have been compelled to admire and love you. He withdrew toward-like from masters he could not understand, and from companions he could not appreciate. Forget him; he who loses you is sufficiently punished; where will he find friendship more sincere, services more disinterested? Now, a master's place is at your disposition, for it is in my appointment, and I have no other will but yours. God keep me from choosing among pupils I esteem and love so tenderly! Make then your own election. He who receives the most votes shall have mine."

"It will not take long to make a choice," said Marini. "We foresaw, dear master, that thou wouldst do this year, as thou hast done preceding years, so we anticipated the election. It is for myself that the majority of votes in the school are cast. Ceccato has given me his suffrage and I am elected. But all that is the result of an injustice or an error. Ceccato works better than I do—Ceccato has a wife and two little children. He needs the mastership and has a right to it. Me, I am in no hurry—I have no family. I am happy under thy direction: I have much yet to learn. I resign in favor of Ceccato all my votes, and I give him my voice, to which I pray thee, master, add thine own."

"Embrace me, my brother!" cried Francesco, clasping Marini in his arms. "Such noble conduct heals the wound in my heart, caused by the ingratitude of Bartolomeo. Yes, there are still among artists great souls and noble motives! Do not hesitate, Ceccato, to accept this generous sacrifice. In Marini's place, we all know thou wouldst have acted in the same manner. Be as

proud as if thou wert the hero of the occasion. He who inspires such friendship is equal to him who feels it."

Ceccato, in tears, threw himself into the arms of Marini; and Francesco proceeded at once to find the procurators, in order to have them ratify this promotion to a mastership, annually awarded to one of the pupils in accordance with the terms of the contract entered into with these magistrates.

"We shall expect thee at table," said Valerio to him, "for after such fatigue, we need refreshment. Hasten to rejoin us, brother, because I am obliged to pass the greater part of the night at San Filippo, to prepare for the joyous matters of to-morrow, and I do not want to quit the supper-table without drinking my glass to thine."

XL.

At the moment when Francesco ascended the grand staircase of the Procurator's palace, he met Bozza descending, pale and absorbed in his own thought. Finding himself face to face with his late master, Bartolomeo started and was evidently disconcerted, as Francesco regarded him with that severity which was natural to such a meeting; the expression of his face changed entirely, and his colorless lips moved only as if they were vainly trying to speak. He advanced a step towards the master, and made a movement, as if to salute him. Devoured by remorse, Bozza at this moment would have given his life to have been able to throw himself at the feet of Francesco and confess everything to him; but his joy reception by the latter, the crushing glance he bestowed upon him, and the pains he took to avoid his salute, by turning away his head so soon as he perceived Bozza raising his hand to his cap, took from him the strength sufficient to warrant an opportune repentance. He stopped in doubt, hoping that Francesco would turn round and encourage him with a more indulgent look; but when he saw that he was decidedly condemned and abandoned—

"Be it so!" said he, clutching his fist with rage and despair; then retreating with rapid steps, he went to shut himself up with his mistress, who could obtain from him neither word nor look the whole of that night.

Francesco went first to the residence of the procurator-treasurer, who was the head of the commission. He was surprised to find Vincent Bianchini seated there in a familiar attitude, and discoursing in a loud voice. He desired, however, as soon as he observed Francesco's entrance, and passed into another room forming one of the interior apartments of the procurator's bureau. The treasurer, Melchior, wore a contracted brow and affected an austere air, to which his short, broad visage, his protuberant stomach and a nasal twang, gave a character more comic than imposing. Francesco, besides, was not a man to be imposed upon by this professional appearance; he bowed, and said he was happy to be able to announce the final completion of the cupola, in consequence of which —. But the treasurer allowed him no time to finish his discourse.

"Indeed! and that's so!" said he, regarding him fixedly, with the evident intention of intimidating him—"quite wonderful,

Messer Zuccato—it is very well. Would you have the kindness to explain to me, how it chanced to be so quickly done?"

"So quickly, Monsignor! It has been very slowly done, for this being the eve of the appointed day, only this morning I was very fearful it would not be completed in time."

"And your fear was reasonable; for yesterday there remained yet to do at least a quarter of your festoon—the occupation of a month of ordinary labor."

"That is true," replied Francesco; "I perceive your seignory is informed of the slightest details."

"A man like myself, messer," said the procurator, with emphasis, "knows the duties of his charge, and does not permit himself to be imposed upon by a man like you."

"A man like your seignory," replied Francesco, surprised by this outburst, "should be aware, that a man like me is incapable of imposing upon any one."

"Lower your tone, sir! lower your tone!" cried the procurator, "or, by the ducal cap, I will close your mouth for a long time."

The procurator, Melchior, had the honor of counting among his great uncles, a doge of Venice, and accordingly he had the habit of imagining himself somewhat of a doge, and always swearing by the ducal head-cover, in form, like a Phrygian cap or horn of plenty, which was the august ensign of the ducal dignity.

"I think I see, that your seignory is not disposed to listen to me," answered Francesco, in a mild tone of voice, although slightly contemptuous: "I will withdraw, for fear of still further displeasing you, and will await a more favorable time to —"

"To demand a salary for your indolence and bad faith?" cried the procurator. "The compensation for people who rob the republic, is under the leads, messer, and take care that you be not rewarded according to your deserts."

"I am ignorant of the cause of such a menace," replied Francesco, "and I think your seignory has too much wisdom and experience to desire to take advantage of a position like mine, which renders it impossible for me to repel an injury on his part. The respect I owe to your age and dignity closes my mouth: but I will not be so patient with the cowards that have injured me in your estimation."

"By the horn of the ducal cap! this is not the spot, messer, to play the bully. Think of justifying yourself before accusing others."

"I will defend myself before your seignory, and to your perfect satisfaction, when you shall deign to tell me of what I am accused."

"You are accused, messer, of having deceived the procurators, in assuming the title of a mosaicist. You are a painter, messer, and nothing else. By the horn of my great uncle's ducal cap, a very fine talent, and I compliment you upon it; but you were not engaged to paint frescoes and the value of yours is quite apparent."

"I swear upon my honor, that I am not fortunate enough to comprehend the speech of your seignory."

"*Mordieu!* You will be made to comprehend it, and until then, do not hope to receive more money. Ah! ah! sir painter,

you were quite right in saying, 'Monseigneur Melchior understands nothing about the work we do—a good soul who is better employed in drinking, than superintending the fine arts of the Republic!' Very well, very well, messer; the pleasantries of your brother and companions at our expense, as well as upon the honorable body of magistrates are known. But 'let him laugh, who laughs last.' We shall see what kind of a figure you will make when we examine in person that fine production of yours, and you will then learn that we are sufficiently intelligent to distinguish enamel from brushwork, and pasteboard from stone."

Francesco could not repress a smile of contempt. "If I understand the accusation brought against me," said he, "I am culpable for having substituted with painted pasteboard a portion of the stone mosaic. It is true that I have done something of that kind for the Latin inscription which your seignory ordered me to place above the outer door. I thought that your seignory had not taken the trouble to overlook the inscription himself, so flattering to us, but had entrusted the task to another, who had performed it hastily. I allowed myself to correct the word *Suavis*. Nevertheless, faithful to that obedience which I owe to the honorable procurators, I have set this word in stones, written as it came from their hands, and have only permitted my brother to make the correction on a piece of pasteboard, and affix it to the stone. If your seignory think I have committed a fault, it is only necessary to remove the pasteboard, and the text will appear faithfully executed underneath, which he can verify with his own eyes."

"This is extraordinary, messer!" cried the procurator, beside himself with anger. "You are exposing yourself, and this is another proof that I shall take note of. Ho there, Secretary! take down the avowal. By the honor of the ducal cap, messer! we will lower your insolent crest. What! you pretend to correct the procurators! They understand Latin better than you. Look here, what a scholar! Who would have dreamt of such a vanity of knowledge? I mean to secure for you a Latin professorship in the Paduan University, for surely you are too great a genius for petty mosaic work."

"If your seignory takes a pride in his barbarism," replied Francesco, impatiently, "I will go at once to remove my bit of pasteboard. The whole Republic will know to-morrow that the procurators do not plume themselves upon good latinity;—but what does that matter to me?"

Thus speaking, he moved towards the door, the procurator bidding him at the same time, with an imperious voice, to quit his presence, which he did not wait to hear repeated, for he felt he could no longer control himself.

Scarcely had he left the room, when Vincent Bianchini, who had been listening in a neighboring chamber, entered precipitately. "Eh! monsignor," said he, "what are you doing? You permit him to know his fraud is discovered, and still allow him to depart?"

"What should I do?" replied the procurator. "I have refused him his salary, and I have humbled him. He is sufficiently

punished for to-day. After to-morrow we will commence proceedings against him."

"And during these two coming nights," replied Bianchini, earnestly, "he will introduce himself into the Basilica, and replace any portion of his pasteboard mosaic with pieces of enamel, so well, that I shall seem to have made a false deposition, and all my devotion to the Republic will turn against myself."

"And how would you have me prevent his evil intentions?" said the procurator, alarmed. "I will close the church!"

"You cannot do that. Being St. Mark's Day, the church will be full of people; and who knows by what means one can introduce himself into any building, the most securely closed? And again, he is going to meet his companions—have a consultation with them—invent excuses. All is lost, and I am ruined, if you do not act rigorously with him."

"You are right, Bianchini, we must act directly; but how?"

"Speak the word—send after him two *sbirri*—he cannot yet have reached the bottom of the staircase—have him cast into prison."

"By the honor of the ducal cap! that did not occur to me. But Vincent, it is indeed severe—such an act of authority!"

"But, monsignor, if you allow him to escape, he will ridicule you for the rest of your life, and his brother, the wit, who is the favorite of all the young patricians that are jealous of your power and wisdom, will not spare his sarcasm."

"You say well, dear Vincent," cried the procurator, violently ringing the little bell placed upon his bureau. "The ducal dignity must be respected; for you know I am of the ducal family."

"And you will one day become a doge, I trust," replied Bianchini. "All Venice lives to see the ducal cap upon your brow."

The *sbirri* were dispatched. Five minutes afterwards, poor Francesco, without any knowledge by whose authority, or in punishment of what fault he was arrested, was conducted with bandaged eyes through a labyrinth of corridors, courts, and staircases, to the dungeon he was doomed to. He stopped a moment on this mysterious route, and by the sound of the murmuring water beneath him, he knew that he was traversing the Bridge of Sighs. His heart sunk within him, and the name of Valerio faltered on his lips, as if bidding him adieu for ever.

## XII.

Valerio awaited his brother at the tavern until the moment when, urged by the young folks who came to seek him, he was obliged to resign the hope of touching glasses with him that evening and with the new master, Ceccato. Burdened with many cares, and overwhelmed with business concerning the fête of the following day, he passed half of the night running to and fro between his studio at San Filippo and the square of Saint Mark, where preparations were being made for the game of running, at the ring, and from thence to the dwellings of the various workmen and artificers employed in the arrangements. On every trip he was accompanied by his brave apprentices and several young men besides, of different vocations, all of them devoted to him, and who were likewise

employed as messengers from one place to another. Whenever this merry band began its march, it was to the sound of song and laughter, joyous preludes to the pleasures of the morrow.

Valerio did not return home until towards three o'clock in the morning. He was surprised not to find his brother there, but yet he did not feel much disquieted. Francesco had a little affair of the heart, which he neglected so long as Art, his dominant passion, absorbed his thoughts, but for which he frequently absented himself when his labors permitted a little leisure. Valerio, besides, was by nature but little given to the apprehension of evil, the mere suspicion of which saps the courage of a majority of men. He slept well, believing that he would find his brother on the following day at San Filippo, or at the first place of meeting of the joyous brotherhood of the Lizard.

Every one knows that in the beautiful era of Venetian splendor, the Republic, besides the numerous organized body which maintained its laws, harbored in its bosom a group of private corporations, approved by the Senate; of devout associations, fostered by the clergy, and joyous clubs tolerated, and even secretly encouraged by a government always eager to maintain the activity of the working classes as well as a taste for luxurious display. The devout associations were often composed of a single corporation, when that was large enough to secure a revenue for expenses, like that of the merchants, the tailors, &c. Others were composed of various artisans or the traders of an entire parish, whose name they assumed, as, Saint John Eleemosynary, Madonna of the Garden, St. George of the Sea-Weed, St. Francis of the Vine, &c. Each brotherhood owned a building, which was called its *Studio* (*scuola*), and which was decorated at the common expense, with the works of the greatest masters in painting, sculpture and architecture. These buildings were usually composed of a lower room called the *albergo*, where the members assembled, of an ornate staircase which was of itself a kind of museum, and of a vast saloon, where mass was performed and meetings held. There may still be seen at Venice several of the *scuole*, which the government have had preserved as monuments of Art or which have otherwise become the property of individuals. That of St. Mark's is at present the city gallery of painting; that of St. Roch contains several of Titore's masterpieces, besides many by other illustrious masters.

The Mosaic pavements, the ceilings loaded with gilding or rich with the frescoes of Veronese and Pordenoni; wainscots sculptured in wood or chased in bronze, the minute and attractive bas-reliefs in which the entire history of Christ or some favorite saint, is executed in white marble, with inconceivable finish and detail; such are the vestiges of the power and wealth an aristocratic republic may arrive at, but under the excesses of which it is infallibly doomed to perish.

Besides the fête-day of each corporation or brotherhood called *sagra*, upon which it displayed all its magnificence, each possessed the privilege of appearing at all the fêtes and celebrations of the Republic, adorned with the insignia of the association.

In the procession of St. Mark, they took parochial rank, that is to say, they marched after the clergy of their parish, bearing their shrines, crosses and banners, and placing themselves in chapels reserved for them during the religious services. The joyous companies had not the same privileges, but they were permitted to take possession of the great square, to pitch tents there, and to establish their games and banquets. Each company assumed its title and emblem according to its fancy, and recruited members wherever it liked; some were composed only of patricians, others admitted indiscriminately patricians and plebeians—thanks to that fusion of classes which is still apparent in Venice at the present day.

Old paintings have brought down to us the elegant and bizarre costumes of the *compagni de la calza*, who wore a red and a white stocking, and the remainder of the dress variegated with the most brilliant colors. Those of St. Mark bore a golden lion upon the breast; those of St. Theodorus, a silver crocodile upon the arm, &c., &c.

Valerio Zuccato, celebrated for his exquisite taste and skill in inventing and executing such devices, had himself superintended and designed all that was connected with exterior decorations, and it may be said that in this respect the brotherhood of the Lizard eclipsed all the others. He had chosen for an emblem that climbing animal, because every class of artists and artisans, from whom their choicest members were derived—architects, sculptors, glass-painters, workers in Mosaic and painters in fresco—were, by nature of their works, accustomed to scale walls, and exist, so to speak, suspended to the surfaces of ceilings and arches.

On the day of St. Mark, 1570, according to Stringo, and 1574, according to other authorities, the immense procession made the circuit of the Square of St. Mark under tents arranged as arcades, outside of the stone galleries of the Procurator's palace, too low to allow the passage of the enormous golden cross, the gigantic chandeliers, the shrines of lapis-lazuli surmounted with chased silver lilies, the reliquaries terminating in pyramids of precious stones—in a word, all that ruinous paraphernalia of which priests are so jealous, and members of corporate bodies are so proud. As soon as the religious chants were stifled within the yawning portals of the basilica, while children and the poor gathered up the numerous drops of scented wax spread upon the pavement from thousands of tapers, and were eagerly seeking some precious stone or pearl fallen by chance from the sacred regalia, there was seen to arise as if by magic, in the midst of the square, a vast circus surrounded by wooden tribunes, tastefully ornamented with variegated festoons and silken draperies, under which ladies could be seated and enjoy the games, protected from the sun. The pillars which sustained these tribunes were covered with streaming pennants whereon were gallant mottoes in the naive and witty dialect of Venice. In the middle of the circus rose a colossal pillar shaped like a palm tree, on the trunk of which clung a multitude of beautiful lizards, gold, silver, green, blue, striped and variegated of infinite diversity; from the summit of the tree a

beautiful white-winged genius bent towards this agile troop holding in each hand a crown. At the foot of the tree upon a platform of crimson velvet under a canopy of brocade decked with ingenious arabesque, was seated the queen of the fête, the awardee of prizes, little Maria Robusti, the daughter of Tintoret, a beautiful child from ten to twelve years of age, whom Valerio laughingly delighted to call the lady of his thoughts, and upon whom he bestowed the utmost care and his politest attentions. When the tribunes were filled, she made her appearance, dressed like the angels of Gian Bellini, in a white tunic, a light-blue drapery, and a delicate young vine-wreath upon her fair golden locks, which formed a beautiful cluster around her alabaster neck. Messer Oracio Vecelli, a son of Titian, gave to her his hand. He was clothed in oriental costume, having just come from Byzantium with his father. He seated himself near her, likewise a group of young people distinguished by talent or birth, for whom had been reserved places of honor upon the seats of the platform. The tribunes were filled with brilliant ladies, escorted by gallant cavaliers. In a large reserved inclosure many important personages did not disdain to take a place; the doge set them the example; he was accompanied by the young duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. of France, who was then at Venice. Luigi Mocenigo (the doge), had it at heart to do him the honors of the city, and to display before his eyes, accustomed to the more vigorous enjoyments and savage fêtes of the Sarmatians, the dazzling splendor and the seductive gaiety of the beautiful youth of Venice.

When all were seated, a purple curtain was raised, and the brilliant brotherhood of the Lizard, issuing from a tent closed until then, appeared in a square phalanx, with musicians preceding clothed in grotesque costumes of the olden time, and in the centre of it, their chief, Valerio. They advanced in good order to a space before the doge and senators. There the ranks opened, and Valerio, taking from the hands of the standard-bearer the banner of red satin, on which glittered a silver lizard, advanced from the group and saluted with bended knee the chief of the Republic. There was a murmur of admiration at the sight of the handsome young man whose strange and magnificent costume set off so advantageously his elegant and graceful contour. He was clad in a close-fitting body-coat of green velvet with large slashed sleeves, open on the breast, revealing a corset of gold Smyrna stuff, embroidered with silken flowers, most admirably colored; upon the left thigh he wore the escutcheon of the company representing a lizard worked in small pearls upon a background of crimson velvet; his buckler was a *chef d'œuvre* of arabesque, and his poignant adorned with precious stones, was the gift of Titian, who had brought it from the East; a superb white plume fastened to his cap by a diamond clasp fell to his waist, and yielded to every movement, like the majestic crest of the Chinese pheasant, which that bird raises and depresses so gracefully at every step.

For an instant the emotion of success and the natural simple pride of youth gleamed upon the young man's animated countenance, as his sparkling eye wandered

over the tribunes, and encountered the gaze of the crowd bestowed upon him. Soon, however, this fleeting satisfaction gave way to an expression of uneasiness; his eyes wandered around once more anxiously seeking some one in the multitude they could not find there. Valerio suppressed a sigh, and retreated within the phalanx, where he remained pre-occupied and indifferent to the gaiety of the others, deaf to the noise of the fête, and with a cloud upon his brow. Francesco, notwithstanding his promise to present the standard in person to the doge, had not yet made his appearance.

## APRIL.

BY LYDIA M. MCGOURNEY.

AQUARIUS! Aquarius!  
With brimming water-urn,  
On thy brow a fleckle smile,  
On thy lip a kiss of glee—  
Yet to the vernal year  
In all thy changes dear—  
We welcome thy return.

Cup-bearer to the Earth,  
That faithful, nursing-mother,  
Whose yearly pang of birth  
But prepareth for another,

Whom meagre, miser Winter, on snows and ices fed,  
Till her blood grew cold and thin, and her vital forces  
dead—

And by his grim and frosty beard, and white cheek furrowed—

She hears thy voice again—  
Much of thy love she thinketh—  
She blisseth thee, and drinketh  
Thy sweet, reviving rain.

In the wild are mosses young—

Dragon's tooth and adder's tongue;  
By the brook the flag-roof springeth,  
Blossoms white the dog-wood flingeth—  
Speckled buds the birch-tree swingeth—

Shelter'd in the garden-mould,  
Grows down its vest of gold;  
Daffodill's bosom swells,  
Deep in hyacinthine bells  
Boldly drives the stifling bee,  
And to the tardier lilac tells  
His early victory.

In crevice of the old church-wall,  
Toloth hard the builder-bird,  
And to its listening mate doth call—  
The trilled array by their music stirred—  
In the coope the partridge drummeth—  
From his pool the turtle cometh—  
Insect-wings like jewels burn,

Back and forth the beetle treadeth,  
Life throughout the waters spreadeth,  
Life and love Aquarius sheddeth  
From his brimming water-urn.

HARTFORD, CONN., April 18th, 1856.

THE Wilkie who sought for fame and bread among the towns and straths of Life, and who was regarded with cloudy brows by the pious Cults, for presuming to trace their faces as they slumbered in their pews at church, and the Wilkie whom high ears were proud to employ, and whom the first-born of the realm courted to come to their country-seats, seemed different persons. He was first spoken of in the North as an ingenious young man; for the Scotch are slow in saying all they think; then the mercury of their praise rose a few degrees, and he was a very clever painter of humble subjects; and finally, he became, without excelling far his first productions, our distinguished countryman, and our own immortal Wilkie.—*Life of Wilkie.*

# EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We must briefly recur to the landscape department of our exhibition, not so much to notice particular pictures,\* as to draw a general conclusion from a part of those noticed. Our landscape painting represents our artistic feeling in its fullest present development—it is the only genuine Art we possess as yet; and still, with the exception of a few studies by the younger men, there is no evidence of a determined effort to realize a perfect truth of Nature, and for an exemplar, we are compelled to refer to the India-ink drawing contributed by Ruskin, a lesson not the least valuable among those sent us by him.

It is true that there is nothing in this drawing more profound than simple truth, nothing which gives one an idea of the possession by the artist of a higher power than that of being earnest; but there is something to be learned from it by the wisest and most powerful man, who will see it where it now hangs. It displays no genius, no "high Art" qualities; but it is the only piece of work in the exhibition which complies with every demand made of it. It is not in itself more valuable than a photograph of the same subject would be—perhaps not so valuable, because not so minute; but the man who would make the photograph would know no more than when he saw the rock itself at first; but he who has made such a drawing understands the nature of the stone, the laws of its formation, the characteristics of the plants which hold their existence in its crevices; he knows all that there is to be known of it, and if he be a man of invention, he may make any use of that knowledge he may desire. And here is the secret of the value of that refinement of study which is with us known as pre-Raphaelitism (though it is only a part of that "ism"), that the artist who studies from Nature in this way, knows perfectly the materials of which he builds his art; he has them by heart, and is never at a loss for just and veritable forms to express his ideas. The study *in itself* may be worth nothing, judged from the highest artistic point of view; but the student's ability is greater, for every shade of refine-

\* We should ask pardon from our readers for having made our former article so incomplete, as to be obliged to amend our notice; but the late date at which the exhibition opened, and the already full state of our April Number, made it imperative to omit part of what we had written; and a farther study of the collection induces us to add somewhat to the commendation bestowed on certain pictures. The large picture by JAMES HART, No. 87, particularly, has grown on our regards as a picture evincing very great ability and a pure love of nature, which, if preserved, must give the young artist a high position in time. There are passages of detail painting in the foreground most exquisite in truth of character and color. The studies by PEAKINS show, with all their *outré* qualities, the possession of an uncommon feeling for color, which, with more discipline by faithful painting from nature, will assuredly develop to something remarkable. The cloud painting in HUBBARD'S picture deserves high praise for the accurate rendering of the most essential cloud qualities.

ment in his working before Nature, and his aversion to the vacancy commonly called "breadth," more decided. Suppose, for example, Kensett had made a study like this of the cliff which fills the height of his large picture, would it have been possible that he himself could be content with its present destination of particular truth, with that breadth of unoccupied canvas? You have a huge mass of a brownish tint, with here and there an indication of fracture, just enough to convey the idea of rock, and there it rests. Will Mr. Kensett assure me that he painted all the facts he could discern cover in those rocks from the distance? It was at from them? We do not hesitate to reply for him—certainly not. But why not tell all that can be seen? Only for one of two reasons—either there are some things ugly and not to be told; or an effluous and not necessary to be told. Neither of these be the case, and if (as we think Kensett, above all others of our landscape painters, must admit) the beauty of Nature is the subject-matter of Art, there can be no reason for vacuity in a picture more satisfactory than the incapacity of the artist to see, or his want of earnestness to represent. Granting the greatness of the painter to be shown by his readiness of invention, his force of conception, and his massiveness of arrangement, still the completeness of the picture depends on the amount of truth contained in it; and so, if the public estimation of Art were properly based, would its value be measured. In this respect, then, we repeat that Ruskin's drawing is the only complete work in the exhibition. We do not consider it great, grant, even, that it is petty, (which we should do only for argument's sake, but no landscape painter who is not capable of that pettiness is sure of true greatness; for in the capacity to do such work as that, just) so devoted, just so forgetful of self, is the only infallible road to true artistic excellence.

This position is unassailable, and all experience of the past proves, and all experience of the future will prove, that as an artist is faithful to little things in the beginning of his career, so great things will be committed to him (as fast as his mind acquires the capacity of feeling their relative importance and value). The order of attainment must be infallibly, first, to acquire the knowledge of minute facts, then to perceive the just relations of these facts, in which properly observed, make a picture broad and united, and thence impressive. We know very well that the great preparation of our landscape painters would oppose this dogma, granting it to be not only considering, as they do, that the first thing in point of importance is, that a picture should be impressive, and that after that comes the advisability of truth in details. Admitting the importance of the impressiveness, we may compare the whole matter to the qualities of a history, in which there may be given facts innumerable and authentic, a volume of valuable information, but arranged without any system whatever, without any ideas of the philosophy of social relations between them; or in which we may have falsehoods and misstatements from beginning to end, but arranged with the most scholarly power of expression, and philosophical range of thought. However fascinating the latter might be to the reader,